

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

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## FEMALE EDUCATION.

### PULCHERIA.

*Concluded.*

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

*Prov. xxxi. 30.*

Our obligations are great to those parents who carefully train up their children in the paths of wisdom and virtue, that they may be enabled to discharge every social duty with propriety. And as so much of the comfort and peace of human life depends upon the fair sex, we are doubly indebted to those who early inform their tender minds, and deliver into the hands of the husband, not only the lovely mistress, but the endearing companion, and heart-approved friend. This was the constant and the successful endeavour of the parents of PULCHERIA; some of whose *rules*, in the education of their child, were delivered in the foregoing chapter.

An education so wise and rational, could scarce be supposed to have failed of the desired effect. The modesty, understanding, and elegance of PULCHERIA, were generally observed, and the charms of her person, though of the first rate, were always eclipsed by the superior beauties of her mind. She was sensible, but not assuming; humble, but not mean; familiar, but not loquacious; religious, but not gloomy. The tenderness and delicacy of her sentiments peculiarly recommended her; and that sweet temper, which never suffered her to indulge the malevolence of censure, rendered her the object of universal esteem. I speak not of her *accidental* acquirements, her skill in musick, her taste for painting, &c. nor of her *domestick* knowledge; suffice it to say, she was well accomplished in these, and in every improvement which her parents could suppose she could make.

The happy BENVOLIO, with the perfect approbation of her parents, received this rich treasure to his embraces, and called the lovely PULCHERIA his in her twenty-first year. He was the object of her choice, and his acknowledged worth well justified her heart's attachment to him. The fruits of her parents' care were now abundantly manifest; BENVOLIO thought—and justly thought, his lot peculiarly blessed, in a wife of so refined and happy a disposition. Their felicity was consummate as the strongest and most undissembled affection can produce. Their pleasures were mutual; and of *separate* satisfactions (happy pair!) they had not the idea.

Her servants could never be large enough in her praises; for she treated them always with the most amiable humanity; “she considered them (she used to say) as fellow-creatures, placed indeed, in an inferior station; but not on that account the less acceptable in the sight of God. Nay, if we remembered (she would observe) who it was that for our sakes took upon him the *form of a servant*, we should certainly treat our domesticks with becoming gentleness. Besides (she would go on) it appears to me an office of common humanity, to render a state of servitude and dependence as light and pleasing as possible; for while we, by the bounty of Heaven, enjoy such superior blessings, shall we not, in gratitude, do all in our power to bless others who are less favoured by Providence? I esteem my servants as a kind of meaner, humble friends; and though I would on no account make myself too familiar with them, or listen either to their flattery or their tales, yet I never would be deficient in alleviating their inconveniences and promoting their real happiness.”

Acting upon these principles, she was the darling of her domesticks; they beheld her with a degree of veneration. She was so happy as seldom to find cause to change; and she never *entertained* her friends with *tedious tales of ill behaviour* and *vileness of her servants*. I should observe that she was careful to see them well instructed in their duty; and for that purpose, she not only supplied them with proper books, but saw that they read them, and her worthy husband omitted no opportunity to assist in this necessary service.

Conscious of the high obligation upon us to observe the *Sabbath*, she strictly devoted that day to duty. She took care that such of her family as could possibly be spared, should always attend with her at the morning and evening service of the *parish church*. This she *esteemed* an indispensable duty; and never allowed herself to ramble from church to church, as was the case with some ladies of her familiar acquaintance, whose practice she constantly disapproved. “I owe this duty, (she used to say) to my family, to my neighbours, to my minister; and I cannot tell what evil may arise from a different example.”—The evening of the Sabbath was always spent in religious exercises; and she never would think of seeing company on that day. Routs on *Sundays* were monsters in her apprehensions. “I can think of a shade of an excuse for those in the lower stations of life, who have no other day of leisure but the Sabbath,



and who, perhaps, are pent up in narrow shops all the rest of the week, if they dedicate some part of the day to recreation; but for us, who have the enjoyment of all the week, surely it is inexcusable to devote this sacred day to our pleasures. Shall not the great Giver of all receive a tribute of some small portion of our time?"

But were I to dwell upon all the excellences of her life and conduct, the limits prescribed me in this treatise would soon be exceeded.—I shall omit, therefore, any account of the benevolent charity which she exercised so largely, (insomuch that never child of distress went with heavy heart and unrelieved from her presence) while I hasten to give some account of her death. Her constitution was delicate; after the birth of her second beloved infant, which she brought her BENVOLIO, (her first died early, and gave an opportunity for the display of the most exemplary resignation,) she caught a cold, which was accompanied with unhappy circumstances; and though she recovered in some measure, yet the consequence was hasty decay.

It is easy to conceive the anguish of her parents and her husband upon so melancholy an occasion; upon a discovery that all the efforts of art, and all the powers of medicine, were in vain: while her patience and resignation obliged them to refrain from every word of repining, though it tended to increase their grief, by enhancing their esteem for her. Happy as I was in her friendship, it was my custom often to visit her during her long and trying illness; but I shall not easily forget a scene at the close of it, which I must confess wholly unmanned me, while it taught me the deepest humility.

I found her seated in the chair of sickness, in her chamber, with her little infant lying in her lap; over which she hung with such a look of maternal fondness and anxiety, as I yet never saw, and which no painting could express! Soon as I advanced, she lifted up her eyes, in which stood the big, the affectionate drops, while death seemed to sit upon her countenance, wan, yet not devoid of that placid sweetness which ever dwelt upon it. "I was indulging, sir," said she, "and I hope not improperly, some natural affection, and taking perhaps, my last leave of my poor little babe, who holds my heart too fast, (false and weak heart as it is!) rather too fast bound to this transitory scene! Pretty innocent! see how it smiles on its weeping mother; unconscious yet of the bitterness of grief, and the sadness of tears. Sweet babe! I must leave thee; indeed I must leave thee; the Father of Heaven thinks fit, and his will be done. But oh! the parent, dear sir, the parent will feel; surely this will not be deemed a deficiency in humble resignation." I observed that Chris-

tianity by no means opposes humanity; and that grace doth not destroy, it only regulates and refines our affections. "My soul," she went on, "thankfully acquiesces in all the divine disposals; and I am satisfied that whatever a God of love and wisdom ordains, must be best for his creatures. But when I look upon this dear innocent; when I consider the various evils of the world, and the prevalence of our corrupt passions; when I consider the peculiar inconveniences of our sex, if deprived of maternal care and instruction, my heart throbs with sensible anxiety—and I wish—O! Father of love, pity and pardon me! Must I, ah! must I leave this sweet harmless one to all the trials and difficulties of life! Oh! my pretty babe, I must leave thee; but I shall entrust thee, (and in that let me take comfort)—entrust thee to a tender father, and to the protection of a Saviour and a God, who careth for his little ones. Blessed Saviour!"—She was here overpowered by the strength of her affection; and falling into a fainting fit, from which we almost apprehended she would never recover, her husband and her parents were immediately called up; every effort was used to restore her, though grief suffered no one present to utter a syllable. The scene was the most profoundly awful I ever beheld.

At length she came to herself, and the first object she saw was—her trembling mother bathed in tears, and holding her clay-cold hand; on the other side, stood her father; at her feet knelt her anxious and distressed husband; around her, several of us were placed, whose tears sufficiently witnessed our concern:—she raised her languid eyes, gazing wishfully at us—then fixing them upon her mother: "Best and most beloved of parents," said she, "farewell, farewell! God, of his good mercy, reward your tender care of me, and give us a meeting in the future world. Oh! my father, and are you there too? do not let me see your tears; support my poor mother, and remember you have a daughter gone before you to that place where all sorrow ceases.—But my husband——" She said no more; but threw her arms round his neck, and both mingled their tears together for some time.—She sighed forth, "Best and most beloved of men, let me thank you, sincerely thank you, for all the tender marks of your esteem. Be kind to my pretty babe—oh! why should I say be kind? I know your goodness; but my sweet innocent, let her—" She stopt short; but soon went on, "I little expected all this pain at parting; this is dying; this is the bitterness of death!—My dear friends," she continued, addressing herself to all of us around her, "accept my best acknowledgments for all your kind offices to me: if ever you remember me when I am gone, remember that my soul perfectly rejoiced in God's deal-



ing with me; and that, however the weaker passions of nature may prevail, yet I am wholly resigned to his will, thankful to him for all; nay desirous to quit this world, that I may see my Saviour, the Lord of Love, who gave his life for me, and in whose merits I joyfully trust for salvation. I am on the brink of eternity, and now see clearly the importance of it—Remember, oh remember, that every thing in time is insignificant to the awful concerns of——” *Eternity*, she would have said; but her breath failed her; she fainted a second time; and when all our labours to restore her seemed just effectual, and she appeared returning to life, a deep sob alarmed us—and the lovely body was left untenanted by its immortal inhabitant!

NOW SHE IS NUMBERED AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GOD, AND HER LOT IS AMONG THE SAINTS.

*Dodd's Reflections.*

### EXTRACTS.

*Piety* communicates a divine lustre to the female mind; beauty and wit, like the flower of the field, may flourish for a season; but age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and sorrow will stop the current of wit and humour; and in that gloomy time which is appointed for all, piety will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

*Simplicity* never appears more lovely than when it sheds its soft lustre on the female sex. She will probably make you most happy, who, reared in seclusion, is the genuine child of simplicity, and whose spotless mind has never received an unfavorable impression from the follies of a fashionable world.

### Science, Arts, &c.

#### EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

*From the Boston Journal of Philosophy and the Arts.*

*Description of an Egyptian Mummy, presented to the Massachusetts General Hospital; with an account of the operation of Embalming, in ancient and modern times.*—By JOHN C. WARREN, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, in Harvard University.

[CONTINUED.]

The mummy presented by Mr. Van Lennep to the Massachusetts General Hospital was inclosed in a large deal box. On opening this, the outer coffin or sarcophagus appeared, as represented in the plate. It is a wooden box, seven feet long, and of a breadth proportioned to the length, like the proportion of the human body. The upper part of it is carved, in a very striking and peculiar style, to represent a human head; and, as it appears from the authors who have described the customs of the Egyptians, it was intended to be a likeness

of the deceased person. The head is covered with a striped cloth or turban, on the upper part of which is painted a globe. The face has the character which has generally been considered as belonging to the Egyptians.—The skin is of a reddish colour, the eyes black, nose broad, but not badly proportioned, mouth well formed. The face is broad and short; it has a very agreeable expression, approaching to a smile. The shoulders are invested with a highly ornamented mantle, on the fore part of which the turban is seen depending. Below the mantle, in the middle, is seen the winged globe, by some considered as the sign for eternity; by others as the emblem of Agathodæmon or Chnuphis of the Greek authors, the oldest representation of the divine power admitted by the Egyptians; and it may therefore be believed to be significant of the immortality of the soul of the deceased, or else to be the symbol of the divine protection.—On each side of the globe are seen hieroglyphics. In the second compartment or tablet, below the globe, we have the representation of a most singular group, exhibiting the last judgment of the deceased, and his reception by various divinities. According to Diodorus, the body of every person, from the king down, underwent this ceremony. Two and forty judges were collected on the banks of a canal, where the relations appeared; and a boat being prepared, before the body was put in it, any one might bring forward accusations against the deceased, which, being examined by the judges, if found to be true, prevented the body from possessing the honours of a public funeral; but if they were thought false, the accusers were severely punished; then the relations finished their mourning, pronounced the praises of the deceased, and declared him about to enjoy a happy eternity with the pious in the regions of Hades. In the rolls found with mummies, on the coffins and in the tombs, this judgment is almost always pictured by the figure of a balance, in the form of a cross, near which two personages are standing, and apparently weighing the merits of the deceased; seeming to officiate as his good and evil genius, each wishing to draw the scale to his own side. Finally the scale of the good genius preponderates; judgment is given in favour of the dead person, and he is then to be introduced to the company of the gods. As a preliminary to this honour, he is invested with some of the insignia of Osiris if a male, and of Isis if a female.

In this tablet, we notice four personages on the left, who are looking to the right, and two persons on the right, looking to the left. Behind the last of these, that is, on the extreme right, is seen the balance in the form of a cross, with a Cerberus as the evil genius sitting on the left, and a hieroglyphic representation of



the friendly divinity on the right. In the second coffin, to be described afterward, this balance is more distinctly and fully represented; the Cerberus is seen on the left, but on the right of the balance appears the friendly divinity in person, bearing the head of a wolf.—The figure next the balance, without any other garment than a kirtle, is supposed to be that of the deceased, coming from judgment, under the protection of a divinity, who has hold of his hand, and seems to have taken him under his protection in order to present him to the assembly of deities. At the head of these is the serpent, supposed by some to have been regarded as the good angel by the Egyptians. Next follows the great Osiris, the principal deity of the Egyptians, designated by his mitre, and his staff or sceptre, the emblem of power; he is in the attitude of receiving the new comer presented to him. After Osiris are seen four, or on the inner case, five other personages, bearing the heads of a dog, a baboon, a hawk, a wolf respectively, supposed to be representations of the important divinities Anubis, Macedo, and others. These paintings therefore confirm and illustrate the account of the judgment after death, transmitted to us by Diodorus Siculus.

The third tablet consists of hieroglyphic writing, arranged in columns, extended from above downward, as was the manner of the Egyptians.

The fourth, represents the hearse bearing the coffin of the deceased. The hearse has the form of a quadruped, perhaps a lion; a style of furniture very much affected by the Egyptians. The coffin is represented as carved at the head. Below the hearse are four vessels, containing resinous and odoriferous substances, employed in embalming. At the head and foot are seen the tutelary hawk, or vulture, with stretched out wings, as if to protect the hearse, and between them is an eye with a tear, the symbol for mourning.

The fifth tablet consists of hieroglyphics.

The sixth, placed on the projecting foot of the coffin, exhibits a series of red and white stripes, twenty in number, which may be supposed to indicate the age of the deceased; on the base, supporting these, stands the tutelary hawk, surrounded by hieroglyphics, and among them is distinguished the eye with a tear.

The second plate gives a view of the inside of this case. On the bottom is represented the figure of the great Osiris. He is here invested with the hawk's head, although he sometimes appears with a human head, but never that of any other animal. He is characterized also by his mitre, and by a staff with a crook at the lower end, the symbol of power. On each side is depicted the figure of a young female, intended probably to represent the deceased in her new character of Isis; for the

symbol of Isis, a throne, is seen on the head, and we cannot suppose the figure intended for Isis herself, as this goddess is seen on the inner coffin with different ornaments. In the manuscripts found with the mummies, and in the coffins, the deceased individual is constantly represented in a new and more elevated character, on entering a new state of existence; and is therefore invested with the attributes and ornaments of Osiris if a male, and of Isis if a female. In this instance she appears with the throne, a form known to be symbolic of the goddess Isis. At the upper part of the coffin, on the inside, above the female figure, are seen a number of hieroglyphics, larger than the rest, and drawn with peculiar distinctness. At the top is the winged globe; below this, a knife or hook, the instrument by which the *os ethmoides* was perforated to extract the brain; next follows a hand, that of the operator or embalmer; and then a circular figure, containing a cross, said to be the symbol of Egypt. The circular mark surrounding the figure of Osiris is that of a serpent beginning and ending in a globe, intended perhaps as symbolic of eternity.

The outer coffin described above, contains an inner coffin of the same form and smaller size, bearing the principal figures seen on the outer. Instead of the winged globe and hawk, the top and bottom are ornamented with a figure of Isis with wings widely expanded, as a protecting deity. Some of the hieroglyphics of the outer case are replaced by figures, intended to represent priests, in various attitudes of adoration or supplication. The external surface of the inner coffin is covered on the sides and back with hieroglyphics of a large size executed with less care than those on the anterior surface.

Both of these coffins are composed of sycamore wood, in a state of fine preservation. It is decayed only where the plaster has been broken; and in such places the decay is limited, the decayed part being reduced to powder, while that which surrounds it is not affected. Both coffins are covered with cloth cemented to them by gum; the outside of this cloth is coated with a fine white plaster, on which all the figures are painted. The colours of the latter, are yellow, red, blue and green on a white ground; they are well preserved and bright, especially those of the inner coffin. The bottom of the outer has no coating of cloth, but the wood bears marks of having been set in a bed of plaster, which of course sufficiently guarded it. Each of the coffins is dug out of two pieces of solid wood, one for the top, the other for the bottom; secured together by projecting pieces of the one, received into corresponding cavities of the other, as is seen pictured on the edge of the coffin in Plate II. Both of these cases had



been opened by cutting through the cloth opposite the junctures of the cases. This was probably done by the Arabs who discovered them in the catacombs, in order to ascertain if any gold, or other valuable reliques were inclosed with the body.

This mummy is about five feet long, heavy, and solid to the touch. A single cloth of a yellowish colour enveloped the body from head to foot, being confined closely and neatly to the body by a number of transverse bands of a white colour, under which lay the reliques of corresponding dark coloured bands, so much decayed as to crumble to atoms on being touched. The dark bands were broader than the white, so as to exhibit their edges, and produce an ornamental effect; but the colouring substances had caused them to decay, while the others remained entire. At the feet lay a large heap of beads, composed of green and yellow porcelain, partly connected by threads, whose decay had caused the net-work to fall in pieces. A green net-work like this is seen covering the bodies of Osiris, in Plate I. and the winged Isis in the inner case; and there is no doubt it was intended to invest the whole of the body for some religious purpose. As the beads could not be shown in their disconnected state, they have been put together, and placed on the mummy, though not in the original form, but as well as circumstances permitted. Some of the beads are still very firm, others crumble on a slight pressure.

*To be continued.*

*Discovery of a new Alphabet.*—The Gazette of Bombay contains an account of the late discovery of an alphabet in the east which gives a key to the ancient inscriptions found in the caverns of India, and consecrated in the religion of India, such as those of Elephanta, Keneri, &c. It may be hoped also by this means to learn their signification, their dates, their usage, and origin.—*Rev. Ency. No. 50.*

*Mont Rossa* has been ascertained to be the highest mountain in Europe; its summit is 15,000 ft. above the level of the sea. *Mont Blanc* was formerly considered the highest.

### **Missionary.**

#### **COLONIZATION SOCIETY.**

The Rev. Mr. Dewey, the agent of the general society, has been in Albany during the past week, and by calling public attention to the subject in that city, has procured the organization of an auxiliary society there. He is now in Troy for the same purpose. We have the pleasure to be personally acquainted with him; but as he is also well known to several individuals of the first standing in Troy, it is unnecessary that we should speak

of the entire respectability of his character, or of the unhesitating confidence to which all his representations are entitled. The object of his visit, however, we beg leave to recommend, in the most earnest manner, to the serious consideration of all reflecting men. To relieve our own country from the calamity of domestick slavery; to confer benefits of the highest possible kind on the colonists themselves; and finally to extend the blessings of civilization over the continent of Africa, constitute the design of the American Colonization Society; and we cannot help believing that such a design, uniting, as it does, the most urgent considerations of patriotism to the strongest obligations of justice and the dictates of the most enlightened philanthropy, will receive not merely the good wishes, but the most efficacious support of this community. There are a thousand considerations to be urged in favour of this noble scheme, if it could be followed out into its details; but we have not time nor room for them at present. We can only say, that in our opinion, there is no single enterprise in which the piety, or the human-kindness of our countrymen has prompted them to engage, which is so important in its objects, the good effects of which will be so diversified and extensive, or which is in truth so practicable. On this last point, we are aware that many entertain doubts; and we feel bound to observe that we were once of the number. But the perusal of the reports of the society, the accounts sent home by its agents, the history of the English colony at Sierra Leone, and the concurrent opinions of various and well accredited travellers, have all combined to clear our mind from doubt, as we are persuaded they would that of any man of ordinary claims to candour. But if this scheme be practicable, not to aid it by every means in their power, would be, on the part of the citizens of the United States, at the north as well as at the south, a crime in our view little less heinous than that which has so blackened the history of modern Europe, and which has cast so dark a shade over the character, the condition and the prospects of America.

The success of this effort to colonize the free blacks of the United States, on the coast of Africa, would confer unspeakable blessings upon the nation; it would repair the wrongs of a much injured race; it would incalculably augment private security and public strength in a very extensive portion of our country, no more to blame than we at the north for the introduction of the evil, and the commission of the sin; it would forever prevent a multitude of occasions of sectional jealousy and irritation, and diffuse throughout the commonwealth of states, a spirit of mutual complacency and harmony, that would render this con-



federacy invincible and indivisible; it would elevate the moral dignity of the republic; it would wipe off from our free institutions the only stain that exists upon the pure beauty of their theory, or the matchless glory of their administration; in short, it would constitute a very large and important part of the fulfilment of that great obligation by which every generation of the human race is bound, viz: to leave society in a condition as favourable as their means will allow, to secure and promote the happiness of their posterity.

*Troy Sentinel.*

## DESULTORY.

### BEAUTY'S BLUNDERS.

I have been, from my youth upwards, a warm admirer of beauty. And now, though the fire of youth has tempered down to the more moderate desires of 35, I still realize the force of the poet's remark—

"Who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?"

Our souls are composed of an element too fervid, our hearts are too pliable, to allow the hope that while this feverish being lasts we shall be free from what, in the phrase of our boyish times we call the arms of love. I say to allow the hope; for, when on the down-hill side of thirty-five, we are apt to conclude that we ought to have very little to do with the affairs of love, whether our hearts allow us to settle down in the faith contentedly or not.—That is—be it distinctly understood—if, at that period, we chance to be in that state which is, something tauntingly, termed one of single blessedness, which is this day the case of myself.

A narration of our early amours is always attended with some compunctions of conscience; there is so much to be concealed through delicacy to ourselves or others; it is so often to be made up of a tissue of blunders, misunderstandings, quarrels, reconciliations, jealousies, &c. that there is danger of growing sick through the very superabundance of delicacies of every sort. Few, however, have arrived at my age, with a conscience as clear as I verily believe mine is of ever sinning against the powers of Cupid. Bachelor as I am—old bachelor as I shortly shall be—I have poured out at the shrine of the coy little sovereign a free libation, and shall probably turn grey some months sooner, if I live, on account thereof.

I believe there was some seed of philosophy in my composition originally; on no other principle can I reconcile the fact that I acted differently from most people. I did act so—for, though often in love to the very ears, I never lost the power of reflection nor the

courage to act with discretion and to make every sacrifice, but that of myself, to an improper or hopeless match. I never got the veil over my eyes so completely that I could not peep out at one corner, and take a sober and just view of the prospect before me. If I have been over prudent, I have suffered much for it. If my judgment was correct, probably I have escaped more intense suffering. Be it as it may, it must rest so. I have only now to be satisfied.

Every one tries to believe himself right, let the consequence be what it may; but every one is not the more likely to be right for that; nor am I sure that condemnation would not be written against me for many a decision which I still applaud. To be short, in all my courtships I failed; and I always failed through the blunders of my Dulcinea; so says my monitor. I'll believe it; and when I have stated a case or two, I shall be able to get your judgment of them.

My first love was a pretty little French girl, all life and animation, with sweet black eyes, and a fine tinge upon a cheek of rare brunette. I admired her because she had a taste similar to mine; she loved moonlight nights, and every thing blended with romance; she was just coy enough to be agreeable, and was most excellent company, for she had read much, had a good memory, and fine talents. I was enraptured more and more with her, until one evening when I went to walk with her and her mother, she took my arm, and left the old lady to follow us or make the best of her way by her side. The thought struck me, a bad daughter cannot make a good wife; I thought she might serve me the same way perhaps, when affection had lost its first edge—I was alarmed—I left her.

The next was a pensive, melancholy, exceedingly beautiful, but tame, simple, and confiding girl; her temper, though, was so even, and her heart seemed so guileless, that I loved her. But she loved too easily, too much, or rather, too soon. I thought I could have lived happily with her—perhaps I could; she wanted the life, the animation, the soul to make a lover tremble while he hoped. She knew nothing of the human heart: my affection melted into friendship, sympathy, something like pity. She would stick flowers in my bosom and sigh, and keep her eyes fixed on me, and press me to come, and come, until, I know not why it is—I stayed away altogether. I was afraid a heart so easily won by me, might be won from me by another.

Chance threw me, shortly after, in the way of a little romp of a girl, whose tongue ran on to eternity, and whose spirits never flagged a minute in a week. She would scold, laugh, joke, and cry, all for very amusement, without the least intention of creating any effect: she



did not seem to care a fig for attachments of any kind; talked of love, and parties, and peaches, as articles of the same value, and did not allow that sense of any kind was necessary in a woman. I flirted, like every one else who came that way, a month or two with her, and was off; her net was too weak to entangle the weakest effectually.

I had another adventure before long. Not more than a mile from our house lived a poor but respectable family, of which one was a daughter, the most enchanting creature I had ever seen; I see her yet distinctly, but she beggars all description. The first hour I beheld her I was in love with her beauty. Every young fellow was in the same predicament, and I had an introduction to her among a host of others. She had been a good girl, but flattery was now poured into both her little ears at once, until I verily believe she turned crazy. She dressed in the fashion; set for company at all times, and did nothing but entertain her beaux, while her poor mother had to labour with all her might to support her.—Then she gave herself such airs: she knew she was pretty; the very glance of her eye told every body she knew it; and as she would be thought accomplished and witty, she made most doleful blunders sometimes. Oh I thought, if she had been a simple, unassuming girl—if she had forgot her beauty, and shut her ears to flattery—if she had but common sense—how I could have gloried, had it been in my power, to have made her a queen. As it was, I weaned myself as soon as I could. I believe she is yet single, like myself.

Adventures of this kind I could relate for weeks. But as their termination was the same, there would be too much sameness in it at last. If beauty was always united to good sense, and honest hearts, there would not be a sensible bachelor in the country; unless it were some deformed old souls whose looking-glasses drove them to their closets. But those pretty faces are as apt to be dangerous to their possessors as to their beholders. Beauty will cover some sins, but there are many sins it will not cover; and among them the sin of affectation. The pride of conscious attractions, is a disease which is carefully managed.

#### DOCTOR PROJEAU.

A certain lady waited on this able physician in great trouble about her daughter.

"What ails her?" said the doctor.

"Alas, doctor, I cannot tell; but she has lost her humour, her looks, her stomach; and her strength consumes every day; so that we fear she cannot live."

"Why do you not marry her?"

"Alas, doctor, that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as she could ever expect, but she will not hear of marrying."

"Is there no other, do you think, that she would be content to marry?"

"Ah! doctor, that it is that troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt she loves, that her father and I can never consent to."

"Why look you, madam," replied the doctor gravely, (being among all his books in his closet) "then the case is this:—your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another—in all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this."

#### GREECE.

The cause of Greece is the cause of liberty. The "Holy Alliance" have put down every attempt at emancipation in Naples, Portugal and Spain; and the Greeks are now the only people in Europe contending for independence; and they have shown by the spirit of their institutions that they deserve it, and by their unyielding and successful efforts, that they can achieve it; and no people were ever more entitled to the sympathy not only, but to the aid and support of the christian world. Financial embarrassment, more than any thing else, now obstructs their operations. The Greek Committee of London have again appealed to the people of England in their behalf, and we are happy to say, the American public begin to manifest a deep and an increasing interest in their welfare.

A general meeting of the citizens of New-York in behalf of the Greeks, was held on the 2d inst.: resolutions expressive of the public feeling were adopted, and a committee appointed to receive and solicit subscriptions. At a subsequent meeting, committees were appointed to draft an address to the public in behalf of the Greeks; to petition Congress to recognize the independence of Greece; to open a correspondence with the Grecian government, and to obtain information that may enable the committee to promote their objects, and to correspond with the citizens in different places in the Union, requesting them to take means to further their cause. Among the individuals that compose these various committees we notice the names of many of the most distinguished citizens in the state. After the meeting was organized, Col. Willett, a venerable warrior of the Revolution, addressed the chairman in a speech received with great applause, and presented his title to 2004 acres of land, which he had a fair claim to in this state; and among other contributions, the committee of the Greek fund have received 300 dollars from N. Biddle, Esq. Philadelphia. Similar meetings have been held at Albany and Philadelphia, and we cannot but hope that a correspondent feeling and exertion will be produced throughout the Union.

*Waterford Reporter.*

## Poetick Department.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS CABINET.

## I THINK OF THEE.

Where'er I heedlessly may roam,  
O'er hill, or dale, or lea,  
I'll sigh to find at last a home,  
And think of thee.

When gloomy thoughts distract my mind  
And all is woe I see,  
I'll cast one longing look behind,  
And think of thee.

My dearer self!—on earth's bleak clime  
My all that's dear to me!  
Whate'er the place, whate'er the time,  
I'll think of thee.

When morning wakes the warbling throng  
And fills the wood with glee,  
I'll weep to hear their melting song,  
And think of thee.

When Cynthia sheds her silver beam  
On every cliff and tree,  
I'll turn to fancy's wildest dream,  
And think of thee.

Or when the twilight's fairy shade  
Involves both land and sea,  
I'll stretch me on the verdant glade,  
And think of thee.

When o'er the tombstone I shall lean,  
When bends my aged knee,  
I'll cast one glance at what has been,  
And think of thee.

Oh, if thine eye should ever trace  
These lines I form for thee,  
Let one kind drop steal o'er thy face,  
And think of me!

When earthly friends are from thee torn,  
And all thy pleasures flee,  
When thou shalt turn away to mourn,  
Oh think of me!

Alas my fate! Yes, I am thine,  
Wherever I may be!  
Let not my fondest hopes decline,  
But think of me.  
L—s, of Princetown.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS CABINET.

Mr. Editor—The following lines were written by a young gentleman in this city, when only fifteen years of age. Should you deem them worth preservation you may insert them in your paper.

A READER.

## ODE FOR CHRISTMAS.

While, weary, other mortals slept,  
A band of virtuous swains  
O'er bleating flocks their vigils kept  
On Bethlehem's favored plains.

His golden beams the bright haired sun  
To other realms displayed;  
But o'er Judea's land was thrown  
Night's dark and gloomy shade.

When lo! "the glory of the Lord"  
Burst on the astonished sight!  
An angel mid its rays appeared,  
Which filled them with affright.

But soon he bade the tumult cease  
That swayed each anxious breast,  
And in these balmy words of peace  
The trembling band addressed:—

"I charge you be not terrified,  
For unto you, behold,  
What gladsome tidings of great joy  
My willing lips unfold

"For unto you, and all mankind,  
On this auspicious morn  
The Saviour of the sons of men,  
The Lord, the Christ, is born.

"Then haste to yonder favored town,  
To David's city hie;  
'Tis there you'll find the incarnate babe  
Swathed in a manger lie."

He said—and from the etherial regions  
Hosts of cherubs came:  
In strains like these, the angelick legions  
Praised Jehovah's name:

"All glory be to God on high,  
High over all he reigns—  
The wonders of his grace and love  
We'll sing in highest strains!

"Good will is with the Saviour's birth  
To sinful mortals shown;  
In every region of the earth  
Shall Peace erect her throne!"

Thus, for the joys that mortals feel  
Did angels praise the Lord;  
Let mortals imitate their zeal,  
And bless the ETERNAL WORD,

Who laid aside his robes of light,  
Who left his throne on high,  
And condescended to assume  
Our frail humanity.

Who left the glorious realms above  
On earthly realms to dwell,  
That those to heaven might be raised  
Who else would sink to hell.

We had better appear to be what we are,  
than to affect to appear what we are not.

## Masonick Calendar.

CYRUS ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 66.

Isaac M. Schermerhorn, High Priest.—Giles F. Yates, King.—Henry Miller, Scribe.—Ezra Babcock, Capt. of the Host.—Richard M. Cooke, Principal Sojourner.—Milo Smith, R. A. Capt.—Robert Osborne, Treas.—Robert M. Fuller, Sec.—John Holman, Benjamin Homan, John Hudson, Mrs. of Vails.—Benjamin Conant, Tyler. Regular communications on the 2d Tuesday of the fall and winter months, at their hall in Ferry-St. Schenectady.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, NO. 3.

Richard M'Michael, W. M.—John Holman, S. E.—Jonathan C. Burnham, J. W.—John M'Michael, Treas.—Archibald L. Linn, Sec.—Milo Smith, S. D.—Peter Van O'Linda, J. D.—Andrew N. Van Patten, and Timothy Capen, Stewards.—Samuel Farnsworth, H. Ten.—Meetings semimonthly, at their lodge room, State-St. Schenectady.

## The Miscellaneous Cabinet

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